

HYDE & CALVIN

Have opened a

STORE

AND

TIN-SHOP

CANTERBURY SHAKERS' LIFE-INVIGORATING

ARSAPARILLA.

In Swiney's Block,

Prescribed by Physicians and

Druggists for nearly

Fifty Years.

Where could find all kind of house hold goods, painted, iron, tin, glass, etc.

Job work

done promptly, in the best manner, by

EXPERIENCED WORKMEN.

Give us a Call

27

VAN DOORN & TILSON.

We have now ready and invite the attention of

the public to what we think is the best

Paper Hangings

OR WALL PAPER

IN VERMONT.

We have a fine line of new

Window Shades and Fixtures.

In Common Papers we have a large stock of

every quality made in this country.

We take pleasure in showing these goods to

those who contemplate papering their houses.

Picture Moulding and Window Cornices.

Special Inducements to Customers

from a distance.

Van Doorn & Tilson.

27

MERCHANTS' ROW, RUTLAND, VT.

THE OLD ORIGINAL

Charley Earl

IS BACK IN BUSINESS

MIDDLEBURY

IN THE FIRM OF

EARL & BARNUM.

Hardware Store

THEY HAVE OPENED A COMPLETE HARD

WARE STORE AND

TIN-SHOP

IS THE NEW

Dyer Block,

Where may be found everything in that line

which any man in this vicinity can want.

TIN, SHEET IRON AND HOLLOW

WARE, STOVES, CUPBOARDS AND

BUILDERS' HARDWARE, HOUSE

SHEDS AND SAILS, TABLE AND

Pocket Cutlery, etc.

OF EVERY KIND,

AND ALL THE REST OF THEIR

KIND.

Sole Agents in Addison County

These stores combine many new and excellent

features, and are acknowledged to be the best

store in the county. No one should fail to call in

and see the silver, tin, and iron, the Paris

Paris Royal Range.

ALL GOODS SOLD STRICTLY FOR

CASH.

Remember the place, Dyer's Block, south end of

the bridge.

Earl & Barnum.

THE OLD YEAR.

Oh, me! oh, me! the year is dying;

Woe and pain are in its veins.

On youth and hope and dreams, relying,

We turned a hundred projects over,

Resolved and planned; but time was flying,

And winter winds surprised us, sighing—

"Too late! too late!"

What lonely echoes among our leaders,

The glad new year should these unfold;

The glad new year should these unfold;

And summer's tale was quickly told;

Then autumn filled his bosom measure,

But winter we reeled in his measure

The year grew old.

Oh, spring, too soon thy zenith gaining,

Oh, summer, of thy beauty shaming,

Oh, autumn, for brief season reigning,

What fruit, what harvest, have ye born?

Oh, winter, that thy snows are born,

Few be the wintry hours remaining.

And we must mourn.

What, mourn when Christmas songs are

singing

Their sweetest echoes o'er the earth?

What, mourn when rich and poor attending

So gayly wait the new year's birth?

And thus must pass our sorrow blending

With retrospection, till the twining

Song tops to mirth.

So must we look, with conscious glance,

On deeds that rise to our distress;

So must we think of wasted chances;

So heavenly gain we must possess;

Oh, winter, that thy snows are born,

Few be the wintry hours remaining.

And we must mourn.

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THE NEW CINDERELLA.

When the widow of General Spicer

married his father she swore that I, his

only child, should be her first care. Un-

fortunately, promises before marriage

are proverbially unsteady, and the

widow Spicer was singularly light upon

her word. She had a son, a fine young

man, and a daughter, a fine young

lady, and she was very fond of them

both. But she was very fond of her

son, and she was very fond of her

daughter, and she was very fond of

her son, and she was very fond of her

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